ſtand by too, and ſuffer euery Knaue to vſe mee at his plea-
ſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure : if I had, my wea-
pon ſhould quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw
aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and
the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about
me quiuers, skuruie Knaue : pray you ſir a word : and as I told
you, my yong Ladie bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid mee
ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe : but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould
leade her in a Fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe
kind of behauiour as they ſay : for the Gentlewoman is yong:
and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it
were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and verie
weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtris, I proteſt
vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much : Lord,
Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke
mee?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you doe proteſt, which as I take
it, is Gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this af-
ternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at Fryer *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhriued and married : here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a pennie.

Rom. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my Conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paines :
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtris.

Nur.

Nur. Now God in Heauen
Ro. What ſay'ſt thou my d
Nur. Is your man ſecret, c
keepe counſell, putting one a
Ro. Warrant thee my man
Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtre
Lord, when 'twas a little pra
man in Towne one *Paris*, tha
but ſhe good ſoule had as leeu
him : I angerer ſometimes, an
rer man, but Ile warrant you,
as any clout in the verſall Wo
meo begin both with a Letter
Ro. I Nurſe, what of that?
Nur. A mocker that's the
know it beginnes with ſome
prettieſt ſententious of it, of y
doe you good to heare it.
Rom. Commend me to thy
Nur. I a thouſand times *P*
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace.

Enter

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed
Perchance ſhe cannot meete hi
Oh ſhe is lame, loues Herauld
Which ten times faſter glides t
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd
And therefore hath the winde
Now is the Sunne vpon the hig
Of this dayes iourney, and from
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is
Had ſhe affections and warme y
Shee would be as ſwift in motio

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